

**Winter Nests.**  
 O' Rourke's nest of winter-time,  
 Disclosed to every careless eye,  
 In hedges dark with dripping rain,  
 Where is your summer secrecy,  
 Your green pavilion of the prime?  
 Poor little nests, that hang forlorn,  
 In bushes almost left of leaves,  
 And naked thickets of sharp thorn—  
 Robbed of your shelter by those thieves  
 The frosts, and made a mark for scorn!  
 Nests that so cunningly were thatched  
 With fibers ready to interlace—  
 In which the brittle brood were hatched,  
 In your once cherished hiding place,  
 By winter's harpies rudely snatched.  
 Like yours grief's bitter blast have bare  
 Love's secrets, that poor maidens hide,  
 In hope's green bowers kept with such  
 care—  
 So long dissembled, but soon spied  
 In the keen havoc of despair!

## O'Rourke's Marriage

Over the low fire in the middle of the waste place that had been a banquet hall crouched Hugh O'Rourke. He was wet and chilled to the bone with a long ride through mountain mists in the heart of winter. There was winter in his heart, too, for his step was a broken one, and his name proscribed, and where his father might have held together the breaking fortunes of name and clan by the sheer power of voice and face, Hugh the younger had been borne by his mother in a time of tempest and terror, and his face was wan and uncomely and his eyes wild and sad.

"My father did not well to take a woman by force," he said aloud to the sinking fire that was all his company. "Black eyes and yellow hair pleased him well, believe, but he pleased not my mother, and she revenged her upon me who was innocent and unborn, giving me an April mind and a craving heart for her mists on the day that she conceived me. Who enters there, in the name of God?" He sprang up, sword in hand, and then touched at his outcry, for it was a girl child who stood in the doorway, a little maid of eleven years, fair to see, white as a snowdrop, with pale yellow hair streaming from under her put back hood.

"Little maid, you come to an empty house," Hugh O'Rourke said, "but you are welcome. You do not come alone?"

"I come alone, Aodh," she said, answering his English with the Irish tongue. "I shall not fill your house."

Hugh stood still beside the fire, while she came slowly down the room toward him, shaking the raindrops from her flowing hair as she came. A little way from the fire she stood, looking at him with large eyes.

"Why do you meet me with bare steel?" she said. "I looked for other greeting from your father's son, Hugh O'Rourke."

Hugh cast down his sword upon the bench he had risen from and took a step forward to meet her. Then he stopped, amazed for it was not a child she was, but a grown woman it was that cast off hood and cloak and came to him with eager face and eager hands.

"Hugh O'Rourke," she said again in the kindly Irish tongue, "have you forgotten me so soon?"

"Have I ever seen you before, O fair one?" Hugh said. Then, because her fingers were warm in his and her eyes dwelt on his, he ceased questioning and had no more wonder or fear at the fairy change than had passed upon her in a moment, making a woman out of a child.

"I am she you have desired so long," she said, with tears and laughter in her voice. "I am she whose eyes you have seen in many faces that looked not kind on you, whose breast you have desired to lie on so many times, whose soul your soul has sought and never found."

And she laid her mouth to his mouth, and the beating heart of her fluttered like a bird against his breast, and the fairy eyes of her darkened and laughed and lightened into his and set all his blood on fire.

A little while they clung together so; then he put her from him and held her at arm's length, looking at her with eyes that were unkindled.

"If I dared only think of it, he

me—nay, but only with your eyes, beloved—and tell me how mortal I am."

He knelt down beside her now and cast his arms about her fair body as she sat in his seat, looking up at her with eyes that changed slowly their wonder for worship. They looked a hand and drew down a thick curl of yellow hair to his lips, and presently blindfolded his eyes with its softness.

"I am answered," the woman said at last. "That which is not mortal in you has spoken to me immortal, and we know one another. So"—she drew



"Barren years have I abided in mine anger, but now I lift my curse."

the bandage of hair from his eyes and smiled down into them—"you love me, Hugh?"

"If I know what love is, beloved."

She uncovered his eyes and looked deep into them, laughing. "I am beauty and I am love, and I have chosen to lie on the bosom of a man whom the tongue of the world knows not—a dreamer who has achieved none of his dreams, a soldier whose sword has won him nothing—and there is beauty and success and strength in the world outside. How is it you can keep me here, Hugh?"

"Sweet, I shall never know."

"Hush, unbeliever! Let us be man and woman together for a little. My feet are cold, and I have hunger and thirst upon me, Hugh. Bring me food and drink, and let be the fire. You shall warm my hands in your hands, Hugh, when we have eaten together."

"Dear, what will you eat? There is only coarse bread here, but I have red wine in my butt, and there is honey in the comb, I think, and store of apples in the loft—Winter Queenings, and the like."

"Bring me here the bread and wine and honey, beloved, and we will make a wedding feast of these. And bring me a Winter Queening that we may play ball with it when we have eaten."

He went out, and came back soon with the bread and wine in a basket on his arm, the apple in his hand, and a silk coverlet over his shoulder. He laid the quilt down at her feet.

"This for your carpet, beloved. Now will you eat?"

She drank half the cup of wine that he poured out, and Hugh drank after her; then they broke bread and ate the honeycomb together.

"Tell me my name, Hugh?"

"Gratia, maybe, because you shiue so bright, beloved."

"No."

"Then, because your face is as pale as the moon when she is young."

"Not even. Have you heard ever of a woman that was bitterly wronged of an O'Rourke long ago, and died cursing him, and has come back and back to cry for the passing of every O'Rourke since then?"

"I have heard of her, beloved?"

"I am she, the banshee of your house, Hugh O'Rourke; but for you I shall not cry. Barren years have I abided in mine anger, but now I lift my curse, for my love is put upon a man of the house that wronged me. Do you take me for your wife, O'Rourke, knowing this?"

"I take you for my wife, Ban-shee, in the face of the sun and moon, and I plight troth to you put death, whether it come to-night or in fifty years."

"I take thee to my husband, Hugh O'Rourke, and I lift off my curse from thy house, thus and thus."

The woman dropped to his feet, shod in worn brogues as they were, and kissed them; rose to her knees and kissed his hands and the hilt of his sword; rose to her feet and kissed his mouth.

Then they went, handfast, into the

shadowy upper end of the room, where the climbing firelight could no longer find them.

And when the morning came, rosy and wind-tossed, Hugh O'Rourke came out to his serving-men with life and the joy of life in his eyes, and he and the fair woman clinging to his arm gave them good-morrow and went forth, laughing. But, an hour later, these found the body of Hugh O'Rourke lying on his bed with shut eyes and folded hands, long cold. So the serving men knew that they had seen and bidden farewell to the soul of Hugh O'Rourke and that all was well with him at last.—The Sketch.

## OATH-TAKING IN MANY LANDS.

Well Enough if All of Them Could Induce Veracity.

Chinese witnesses must be sworn in several ways if they are to be bound to tell the truth. In some cases the witness breaks a plate and assents to the imprecation that his soul may be shattered in the same way if he strays from the paths of veracity.

With a large section of the Chinese the formula is for the person administering the oath to light a match or candle, and, blowing it out, tell the witness that thus will his soul be extinguished if he does not speak the truth, to which he assents by giving a short nod.

Some tribes living on the Tibetan tableland can only be sworn in courts by cutting off the head of a live gamecock.

The Hindu law says: "Let a judge swear a Brahmin by his veracity, a soldier by his horses, his elephants or his arms; an agriculturist by his cows, his grain, or his money and a sower by all his crimes."

A Galla of Abyssinia sits down over a pit covered with a hide, imprecating that he may fall into a pit if he breaks his word.

A Brazilian savage, to confirm his statement, raises his hand over his head and thrusts it into his hair or touches the point of his weapons.

Among the Aracans, an Asiatic tribe, the witness swearing to speak the truth takes in his hand a musket, a sword, a spear, a tiger's tusk, a crocodile's tooth, or a stone celt.

The hill tribes of India swear by a tiger's skin, and the Ostraks by a bear's head.

The sacred oath in Persia is "by the holy grave," that is, the tomb of Shah Bese, who is buried in Cashmere.

Jews are sworn on the Pentateuch with their hats on; Mohammedans by placing the right hand flat on the Koran and the left on the forehead, and then bringing down the forehead to the book, and finally gazing a while at the book. The highest oath of the man who dwells by the Ganges in India is taken on the water of that river.

## Why Many Young Men Fail.

It is the fault and the cause of the failure of so many bright, capable young men that, being put into a certain workday rut, they make no effort to climb or even crawl out of it; they do not seek the work that is not routine, and go beyond the terms of the bond in search of additional labor in order to attract the approving notice of their employers. They do not go to their posts before nor remain at them after the fixed hour. They are content to do enough, and no more than enough, to earn their hire. The life of the average clerk is generally genteel, easy, cleanly; he need not soil his hands, nor his clothes, and his ambition is satisfied with these pleasant conditions. — Philadelphia Ledger.

## Too Radical a Reformer.

Count Batthyany, a young man of twenty-six, and an enthusiastic Tolstain, has been confined in an asylum in Austria for the insane at the instigation of his relations. His friends say that he is perfectly rational, and are agitating for his release. The Count has an immense estate, and set about to inculcate his doctrines among his tenants. These serf-like peasants he treated as brothers, preached anarchy, and read to them Tolstain's works, which he translated into the Magyar tongue. On account of these doings, his relatives, to whom such innovations were abhorrent had him placed in the asylum.

## As Others See Us.

"I wonder if my face will change, too, when I am your age?" asked the sweet girl graduate, in a tone redolent with insinuation.

"Undoubtedly, dear," replied the elderly female, "and you ought to be thankful for the loss of a generous portion of your cheek."

## A Wise M. D.

"Doctor," said the village gossip "I'm troubled with that tired feeling. What would you advise me to do?"

"You might try five drops of chloroform on your tongue every half hour," replied the local pillmaker, as he winked at his other eye.

## Bacilli Make Fields Fertile.

The bacilli which grow on the roots of clover plants and have the power of abstracting nitrogen from the air account for the increased fertility of fields after a crop of clover has been grown on them.

## One of Many.

Bess—Young Callobo is an exceptionally good talker, isn't he?

Nell—Yes, he's a good talker at right enough, but he has an impediment in his thoughts.

## One Man's Wisdom.

Kerwin—I have discovered a way to best my wife in an argument.

Parker—But me next.

Kerwin—I keep my mouth shut.



## The Reward of Service.

The sweetest lives are those to duty wed. Whose deeds, both great and small, Are close-knit strands of an unbroken thread.

Where love ennobles all, The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells; The Book of Life the shining record tells.

Thy love shall chant its own beatitudes After its own life working. A child's kiss Set on thy singing lips shall make thee glad;

A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich; A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong;

Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense Of service which thou renderest.

## Tricks With Cards.

Let three, five or seven young women stand in a circle and draw a card out of a box, she who gets the highest card will be married first of the company, whether she be at the present time maid, wife or widow; and she who has the lowest has the longest time to stay ere the sun shines on her wedding day; she who gets the ace of spades will never bear the name of wife and she who has the nine of hearts will have one lover too many to her sorrow.

Hymen's letter—Put a pack of cards well shuffled into a box. Let the party stand in a circle and each draw three cards. Pairs of any kind are favorable owners of some good fortune. The king of hearts is the god of love and gives a beautiful swain to the one who draws him. Fives and nines are crosses and misfortunes; three nines at one draw shows the lady will be an old maid.

## The Dancing Coin.

To do this trick you need a long, fine black silk thread with a very small piece of beeswax on the end of it. After you pass the coin around among the audience you press the end of the silk thread that carries the beeswax against the coin so hard that it will stick. Then throw the coin into a glass and step away, and at your command it will dance about and up an down as you please. The thread passes over the edge of the glass and through a number of very small eyelet holes sewed fast to the black table cloth, and elsewhere,



which guide it to a place where you or a confederate may make it dance by giving little jerks to the thread.

## Meaning of Flowers.

Hyacinth—Jealousy.  
 Ivy—Friendship.  
 Laurel—Glory.  
 Lilac—First love.  
 Lily—Purity.  
 Magnolia—Proud.  
 Mistletoe—I conquer.  
 Morning glory—Coquetry.  
 Nasturtium—Patriotism.  
 Pansy—Think of me.  
 Passion flower—Piety.  
 Peony—Anger.  
 Petunia—I am not proud.  
 Pink—Pure love.  
 Rose—Beauty.  
 Rose, wild—Simplicity.  
 Rosebud—Young girl.  
 Sunflower—Pride.  
 Tulip—Dangerous pleasure.  
 Violet, blue—Love.  
 Violet, white—Modesty.

## Conundrums.

What tree is most suggestive of kissing? Yew.

What is even better than presence of mind in a railway accident? Absence of body.

What is that which will give a cold, cure a cold and pay the doctor's bill? A draught (draft).

What is that which is neither flesh nor bone, and yet has four fingers? A glove.

Why has man more hair than woman? Because he's naturally her suitor (hirsuter).

What sweetens the cup of life, yet, divested of its end, embitters the most grateful draught? Hope—hop.

## A Monster of the Deep.

Captain Stavely of the Clumber-hall, of the Furness Steamship line, has recently been a visitor in the vicinity of Great Barrington, and has told an exciting story of a sea monster which he encountered on his recent voyage.

On a voyage from San Francisco to London the captain's attention was called to a large sea monster, heading four points on the port bow of the ship. The monster's color was of large blotches of black and a sort of sand and gray in between. The monster was of whale-back shape, and fully 200 feet long, the highest part of its back extending nearly twenty feet above the sea surface. After approaching the steamer for a few minutes and then hurried away. Capt. Stavely did not see the two extremes of the monster's body. After arriving in London Capt. Stavely learned that the sea monster had been previously reported by a steamer that had passed it on a moonlight night. During his visit in Berkshire the captain took the second sleighride of his life.—Springfield Republican.

## Original Sketching.

For this every one must be supplied with paper and pencil.

On the paper a sketch representing some very well known incident, either in history or a novel, must be drawn no matter how badly.

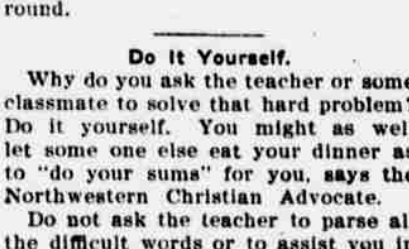
As soon as the sketches are completed, each player passes his to his left hand neighbor, who examines it and writes his comments on the sketch, and also the scene he thinks it represents on another piece of paper. Then he turns down the paper to cover his comments, and passes both papers to his left hand neighbor, and so on round the whole circle. When all have been round, the comments are opened and read aloud. The player who guesses the greatest number correctly is sometimes given a prize.

## Affection of Seals.

Natural affection of seals (in their wild state) is well shown in the following anecdote: A gentleman living in Oregon, on the ocean shore, one day caught in a very simple manner a young seal. It had been stranded on the plank wharf by a receding tide, and left high and uncomfortably dry as well. It had not strength to waddle into the water, and no one to teach it the tricks of its tribe. The gentleman kept the little glossy creature for several days, and then in pity turned it into its native element. It came to the wharf every night and whimpered so that he was obliged to take it out again and keep it in a small tank, the seal giving every demonstration of affection, after the manner of a young dog.

## Trick Donkeys.

Here are two apparently dead donkeys. To bring them to life it is only



necessary to fill in the dotted lines and then turn the page half way round.

## Do It Yourself.

Why do you ask the teacher or some classmate to solve that hard problem? Do it yourself. You might as well let some one else eat your dinner as to "do your sums" for you, says the Northwestern Christian Advocate.

Do not ask the teacher to parse all the difficult words or to assist you in the performance of any of your duties. Do it yourself. Do not ask for even a hint from anybody. Try again.

Every trial increases your ability, and you will finally succeed by dint of the very wisdom and strength gained in this effort, even if at first the problem is far beyond your skill. It is the study, not the answer, that really rewards your pains.

## Stones Are Alive.

The most curious specimens of vegetable or plant life in existence are the so-called "living stones" of the Falkland Islands. Those islands are among the most cheerless spots in the world, being constantly subjected to a strong polar wind.

In such a climate it is impossible for trees to grow erect, as they do in other countries, but nature has made amends by furnishing a supply of wood in the most curious shape imaginable. The visitor to the Falklands sees scattered here and there singular shaped blocks of what appear to be weather beaten and moss covered boulders. In various sizes.

Attempt to turn one of these "boulders" over and you will meet with a surprise, because the stone is actually anchored by roots of great strength; in fact, you will find that you are fooling with one of the native trees.

No other country in the world has such a peculiar "forest" growth, and it is said to be next to impossible to work the odd-shaped blocks into fuel, because the wood is perfectly devoid of "grain," and appears to be a twisted mass of woody fibres.

## Answers to Hidden Rivers.

The names of the fourteen hidden rivers given in last week's article are as follows: Lena, Nile, Orange, Indus, Don, Congo, Ganges, Niger, Obi, Madeira, Rhone, Danube, Arkansas, Amoor.

## Hard Rule to Follow.

Here is a characteristic expression of view from Prof. Huxley, the eminent English scientist: "It is an excellent rule always to erase anything that strikes one as particularly smart when writing."

## Needles, Pins and Buttons.

Have you ever met a girl who pinned on her shoe buttons? I remember one that I used to know at school, and we girls pitied her with all our hearts. We happened to have an old-fashioned teacher in the school who told us that it was a sin to use a pin where a button should be, and that a pinned undergarment was a deception. So the poor, careless girl with pinned shoe buttons was a criminal in our eyes. This teacher who taught literature had a sewing basket on her desk and loaned needles with thread to any one who had a button off or a glove to mend.

## Such a Long Hill.



Bobby Bruin—Funny thing! I've been climbing two hours at least, and I don't seem to get any nearer. It's a much longer hill that I thought it was.

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## A CONGEALED NAME PUZZLE PICTURE



You Can Easily Tell the Names of These Young Ladies by Looking Carefully at the picture. What are they?



Over the low fire crouched Hugh O'Rourke.

loved," Hugh said. "Yet you have mortal beauty upon your face and body."

"What do you know of mortality, Hugh O'Rourke? And beauty is that core of our little life that cannot pass away, though the fruit that covers it turn rotten after growing ripe. Kiss